

A SHADOW BOAT.

Under my keel another boat,  
Sails as I sail, floats as I float;  
Silent and dim and mystic still,  
It steals through that water's ether will,  
Mocking my power, though at my will  
The foam before its prow is curled,  
Or oars it lies, with canvas furled.

Vainly I peer, and vain would see  
What phantom in that boat may be;  
Yet half I lurched, lest I with rash  
Some ghost of my dead past drive,  
Some gracious shape of my lost youth,  
Whose deathless eyes once fixed on mine  
Would draw me downward through the brine!

—Arlo Bates.

TENTED TOWNS OUT WEST.

Mushroom Camps Along the California and Oregon Railroad Line.

During the progress of the extension of the California and Oregon railroad from Redding toward the Wolfest state dozens of camps have been located and have been dignified by being called "towns." Being located in wild and beautiful mountain regions they have been given romantic and poetical names differing from the style of the Argonauts, who gave their camps such euphonious titles as Buzzard's Roost, Poor Man's Gulch, Whiskeytown, Hangtown, or anything else that happened to suggest itself by some incident. The railroad camps have always been lively places, occupied by from 1,500 to 4,000 men, whites and Chinese. They have comfortable tents and live a very happy life in the mountains, where the air is pure and bracing, the water cool and clear, and where the atmosphere is made healthy by the pines and firs.

As might be expected, one of the first tents generally put up is that of a saloon-keeper and he drives a lively trade dealing out his "Dew of Death," his "Coffin Varnish," his "Bug Juice" and other choice brands. In connection with his "sample rooms" he keeps a "hotel," providing blankets for travelers and giving them a "bed" on the ground, but no one ever complains of such accommodations—they are the best to be had, and then it might not be safe to find fault.

The railroad camps contain a rough set of men, but, in many instances, hard working, honest fellows are found. The mushroom villages have been followed from the start by blacklegs, who have waxed fat from the earnings of the hard working men. Right after the pay car arrives and distributes the wages these sports produce cards and dice, and in a very short period many men who have been toiling with pick and shovel along the rocky line find themselves without a nickel to show for their labor. There is one thing remarkable about the camps, and that is that good order has been maintained and few fights have occurred. Every man who comes along the road is offered work, and there is no necessity for idle men in the country. The big camp, made up of track layers, is now above Sisson's, at the base of Mount Shasta, a region of cold and snow, and as a hard winter is anticipated, the tents will soon have to be struck and sent down to the valley. —Sacramento Bee.

Necessity for Two Ears.

Sound travels by waves radiating from a central point of disturbance, like the waves caused by dropping a pebble into still water. So far as the hearing of each individual is concerned, these waves move in a direct line from the cause of sound to his ear, the impact being greatest in the ear that is nearest to the source. The effect, in this respect, of the total loss of hearing in one ear was forcibly illustrated by the statement of a patient who consulted me recently. He lived in a wild portion of Tennessee, and spent a good deal of his spare time in the woods, hunting squirrels, accompanied only by his dog. An explosion suddenly destroyed the hearing in one ear. After this accident, while in the woods, he found that he could hear his dog bark, but for the life of him he could not locate the direction of the sound, even when quite close to him, and he was compelled to take his little boy along with him to find the dog. After a time persons learned to correct, to a limited extent, the errors in estimating distances after the loss of vision, but the effect of the loss of an ear upon the estimation of the direction of sound is never corrected. —Dr. Williams.

Fires from Steam Pipes.

With each recurring fall and winter the question of possibility of fires from steam pipes becomes one of importance. As the most insidious diseases are usually most to be feared, so the most occult causes of fire are among those which should be most carefully looked after. It is very well known that wood, after remaining for some time in contact with steam, hot air or hot water pipes, becomes carbonized on the surface and to a short distance below. The charcoal, of course, readily oxidizes. When steam is not in the pipes the charcoal will absorb moisture. When again heated the moisture is driven out, leaving a vacuum, into which the fresh air current, circulating around the pipes, readily penetrates. It imparts oxygen to the charcoal, causes a more rapid rise in the temperature, till finally the point of ignition is reached. The rusting of the pipes, if it occurs, might also conduce to the same result, the rust being reduced by the heat of the steam to a condition in which it will absorb oxygen to the point of red heat.

London's First Street Car.

Oakley Hall contributed an article to a recent number of The Pall Mall Gazette on London tramways, in which he gave a picture of the alleged clumsy tram car first introduced in the great metropolis a quarter of a century ago. In this he did injustice to George Francis Train, the man who introduced street railways in Europe. The first street car run on a London tramway was built in 1859 for Mr. Train by Stevenson in New York City. It cost \$1,500 and was constructed and equipped in the style of those now seen on Broadway. The big double decked cars in London are imitations of omnibuses and are a purely British invention. —New York World.

Largest Wooden Structure.

The largest wooden structure in the world is said to be the government buildings in the capital of New Zealand. The block is four stories high, and occupies an area of nearly two acres. The city itself is mostly wooden on account of the earthquakes of the region, and is called "The City of Packing Cases" and "The City of Match Boxes." —Chicago Herald.

A SEASHORE LEGEND.

It was my good fortune to spend the happy summers of my youthful days in an old seaport town, whose glory has long since departed. Its fast-decaying wharves had once echoed to the tread of busy feet, and many very stately ships had been moored beside them.

Now, as in my childhood days, no proud ship finds a haven in the still waters of its harbor; its deserted shipyards ring no more with the sound of ax or hammer; the busy hum of commerce is stilled, and a silence, broken only by the fisherman's call, or the merry laughter of some yachting party, pervades what was once a very busy, thriving place.

But commerce has left traces of wealth behind, and I remember some old-fashioned, though stately, houses, standing near the shore.

These were the homes of some of New England's famous sea captains, and in one of these old houses I passed those happy summer days.

The men of the family had all been sailors, commanding some of the finest and best known American ships. No ports had been too distant for them, and they brought home, as gifts, spoils from every clime. Now, all these dead and gone, the women of the family lived alone, surrounded by treasures from over the sea.

The old friend who had charge of us was very fond of children, and was never happier than when relating to us the stories of sea and shore with which her mind was stored; and when a rainy day came, driving us from the beach, we liked nothing better than to listen to her charming legends.

I will repeat to you, as nearly as I can remember, the story of the elopement that took place many years ago. As I recall it, I seem to hear again the musical voice, long since hushed, to which the snapping of the driftwood fire upon the hearth and the distant booming of the surf upon the beach, formed a fitting accompaniment.

A long time ago, when I was a little girl, the events happened that I am about to relate to you. My grandmother knew all about it, and I often heard her tell the story to the young folks, in my day, as I am telling it to you.

In that large, old-fashioned house which stands on the brow of Beach Hill lived a very wealthy gentleman, called Judge Cushman.

I say he lived there, but he only spent part of the time in the little town of S—, for his business kept him in the city during the winter months; but as soon as the warm days came the house would be opened, and he would ride through the town in his big coach, drawn by four horses and driven by a colored coachman.

The judge was a widower, and lived alone with his servants and an old housekeeper. So you may imagine the surprise of the villagers one day early in the spring of 1812 when they heard that Squire Cushman, as he was called, had brought home with him a lovely young girl.

At first all thought that he had married again, but soon the report was circulated that his niece had come from England alone, with only a maid to attend her, to visit him. And a long visit we all thought it would be, for war had just been declared with Great Britain, and probably there would be no friendly intercourse between the two countries for a long time.

Of course all were anxious to see the new comer, but none were gratified until the following Sabbath, when she appeared at church with the old squire.

She was a true English maiden, with fair hair and lustrous blue eyes, and a complexion in which lilies and roses were skillfully blended by nature's hand. She was the "observed of all observers," but bore herself modestly, seeming unconscious of the gaze of all around her.

Many were the questions asked, many the conjectures formed, as for her presence in the lonely house, so far from home and in an enemy's country; and finally the mystery was solved by the old housekeeper, who divulged it as a great secret to a friend of hers, an inveterate gossip, who soon made the affair the property of the whole neighborhood.

Rose Cushman, the daughter of the squire's only brother, was a motherless child, and had grown to womanhood without knowing what it was to be refused the slightest wish, for she had always been her father's idol. He had planned in her early childhood that she should marry the son of his most intimate friend.

But such designs are rarely accomplished. At the age of 19 Rose met a young and gallant officer in his majesty's navy, and lost her heart almost at first sight. The affection was reciprocated, and not dreaming of any obstacle, the lovers plighted their troth with the fondest and brightest hopes for the future.

But the father of Rose sternly refused to consent to their engagement, and forbade Rose ever to see her lover again. But years of indulgence had not prepared his daughter for such arbitrary measures, and she continued to meet her lover secretly whenever she was able to do so.

One meeting in the park near the house was witnessed by her father, and so incensed was he by this open defiance of all his commands that he ordered the brave young sailor from his grounds, using the harshest language.

Rose returned to the house, locked herself into her room and was soon convulsed with a perfect passion of tears; for under her sweet and charming exterior she hid a will that was just as strong and unshaken as her father's.

In subsequent interviews with her father she vowed she never could or would forget Charles Ashton. Not all the affection she bore her father, not all the remembrance of his kindness and love, would prevent her meeting her lover whenever an opportunity was found. He well knew that the young man was of honorable birth and good position, but he could not give up the early plans he had formed for her future.

After weeks of fruitless argument with his daughter, it suddenly occurred to him to send her to his brother, our Squire Cushman, in America.

her, visit his beloved brother, and another year would find Rose willing to return and comply with his wishes.

The squire did all in his power to make the visit agreeable, even relaxing his habitual reserve and inviting all the young people in the neighborhood to his house to be introduced to his niece.

Although Rose was very sweet and gracious to all her guests, no one became at all familiar with her, and finally all attempts at intimacy ceased, and she was left to the companionship of her uncle and her old nurse.

But active preparations for war soon banished all minor topics. The young men were getting ready to join their ships; privaters were being fitted out; and the whole country was wild with excitement.

Our village became almost deserted. Every vessel of any size was manned and equipped with guns and ammunition, and sent out to meet the enemy, and all the poor wives and mothers could do was to watch and wait at home. News traveled slowly in those days, and tidings of defeat or victory seemed long in coming.

Often we climbed the hill and from the church tower scanned the horizon for a glimpse of some man-of-war, for we lived in constant fear that our town, like many others on the coast, might be invaded by the enemy. But though we often saw large ships passing, and once heard the sound of distant cannonading, we were left in peace.

And so the summer passed; its weary weeks of watching and anxiety were away; the line storm visited us with all its fury, and then came the mild and sunny Indian summer, the days of soft delight, when all nature seems in a dreamy, quiet mood, giving us a gentle smile before old winter, with raging elements, comes to bind her with his icy fetters.

About the middle of October a watcher on the hill saw a man-of-war heading for our harbor. He gazed with almost breathless anxiety until with his glass he descried the English flag at her mast.

Then he rushed down the steep road into the main street, shouting:

"The British are coming! Save yourselves!"

All at once was noise and confusion. The men left their work, the women forsook their spinning wheels, and all ran to the beach or to the wharves.

Yes, it was true; she had anchored outside the harbor, and too large to enter herself, we could see a large boat just leaving her filled with men, who would probably land and plunder, perhaps burn, our village. Resistance was useless, for the ship could easily shell the whole town, lying as she did at the mouth of the harbor, but little more than a mile away.

It had been planned long before that in case of invasion the people should take their valuables and flee to the woods for safety.

So as quickly as possible the large hay carts were brought out, the best feather beds were hastily thrown into them, the tall clocks were placed on top, as many women and children as could be were piled in, each carrying a pillow case containing some valuables, the horses were whipped into a gallop and the procession started helter-skelter for the woods.

The servants of Squire Cushman shared the general alarm, and as the squire was away from home, they too, prepared for flight, and urged the housekeeper to pack up the silver, and taking Miss Rose and her nurse, to hasten to a place of safety with them. But when she went to the young lady's chamber she found her watching the incoming boat with eager eyes, and she firmly refused to leave the house.

"They are not enemies to me," she said. "They are from dear old England, my home, and I will not run from them even if the whole village goes."

The housekeeper tried to reason with her, but in vain, and not daring to leave her in the house, sent off the servants with the most valuable articles to a safe hiding place and awaited the result with trembling anxiety.

Rose stood at the open window, watching the boat. As it neared the shore she sent her maid for the squire's spy glass, and, resting it on the woman's shoulder, obtained a good view of the harbor and all who were in the boat.

Nearer and nearer it approached the shore, and the few fishermen who lingered near the wharf, their curiosity overcoming their fears, saw that it was commanded by a young officer, whose dress betokened the high rank he bore.

The boat came up to the wharf, and one of the sailors sprang ashore and fastened it.

Giving a command to his men in a low tone, the officer landed, accompanied by two marines. Seeing the fishermen about to run, he cried out:

"You have nothing to fear. If you let us come and go unmolested, your village shall be spared. Come here; I want to ask you a question."

One of the most daring approached him. "Now, my man," he said, "no tricks, but answer me correctly. Do you know where Judge Cushman lives, and will you show us the way to his house? Do not fear; no harm shall be done to any of you; only tell me the truth."

The man, only too glad to escape so easily, pointed out the house, and the officer, with his men, hastened toward it.

In the meantime Rose had been scanning the boat with eager eyes, trying to discern the features of the men. When she saw the officer approaching the house she gave one long, fixed look, and shouting to her nurse: "It is he! It is Charles!" flew down the staircase, followed by her servant and the housekeeper, and as he entered the open door, sprang into his arms and was clasped to his heart in a loving embrace.

But he stopped her eager questions by saying:

"I have no time to lose. You see the ship at the entrance of the harbor? Since you left England, my darling, I have been promoted to the command of that noble craft and ordered to America. You may imagine how glad I was to know I was to be near you, for, thanks to nurse here, I received your last letter, and since my duty brought me to this part of the coast, I determined to find you. Yesterday we overhauled a fishing craft from this port, and I learned I was only a few miles from you. I at once shaped my course for this harbor, resolved to take you with me, for I can endure this separation no longer. Where is your uncle?"

"He is away from home, dear Charles," said Rose, "and nearly all the people here

fled, so frightened are they of the dreaded British."

"Good! That makes it easier for you to go," said Charles.

"But what do you mean, Charles? How can I go alone with you on that great ship? I shall be afraid."

"Afraid of me, sweetheart? Nurse will go with you, and as my wife, you will be safe from all harm. Let us find the clergyman here and he will unite us. Do you think he has fled?"

"No," said Rose, "he has always said, I believe, that he would never run from the enemy; that he was a man of peace and would be left unmolested. But, Charles, since I have been here, I have thought much of my disobedience to my father's wishes, and although I could never be false to you, dear Charles, I have thought that time and distance may have softened his heart, and loving me as I know he does, he might sometime consent to our marriage."

"Sweetheart," said Charles, "do not disappoint me so cruelly. When we are married I am sure your father will forgive us. Besides, I am surrounded daily by great perils, and may not outlive this war. Let me at least call you my wife, and I shall be doubly armed for the conflict. Do consent, dear Rose."

He clasped her once more to his heart, pressing kisses after kisses upon her lips, and none but a lover's ear could hear the softly whispered "yes."

"Now, listen to my plans, dearest," said he. "We will go at once to the clergyman and compel him to marry us. Nurse shall pack some necessary clothing for you and meet us at the boat. My orders are to cruise up and down the coast on the lookout for merchantmen. I will sail as far as Halifax, there land and leave you with a good friend of mine, and join you later in the season when the weather compels us to seek winter quarters."

He then gave a few directions to the nurse, who received them with many bows and smiles, and ordered one of the marines to wait for her and bring her with him to the wharf. Their old housekeeper tried to interfere with their movements, but her words passed unnoticed, for, leaning on her lover's arm, Rose waved her a laughing good-by, as she passed out of the house forever.

The minister made many objections to performing the ceremony, but they were all overcome by the entreaties of Rose and the stern commands of her lover, and as he afterwards said, he had no alternative, for if he persisted in his refusal he might have been taken away prisoner in the vessel and his church burned to the ground.

So Rose and her husband sailed away from our shores, never to return. We heard, however, long after, that Charles Ashton was wounded soon after his marriage, and had left the service. We never knew how Squire Cushman bore the news of his niece's flight. Nobody asked him, and he died not long after, leaving his property to a distant relative.

There, girls, that is the way my grandmother used to end the story, but I can tell you something more.

Last summer an English lady and gentleman stopped at the hotel here several days. One day they obtained permission to go over the old Cushman house. They lingered long in the chamber looking over the sea, and we learned that the lady was the granddaughter of Rose Cushman, who had come, with her husband, to visit the scene of her grandmother's elopement. —Boston Traveler.

The Life of a Convict.

"The study of human nature," said Principal Keeper Patterson, of the state penitentiary at Trenton, N. J., to a reporter in the lobby of the National hotel, "inside prison walls is more interesting than pleasant. The class of human beings one comes in contact with is usually so depraved and hardened that it offends the senses even those accustomed to the life. We believe our system to be as good as any in existence, and yet we are not as severe in some ways as the people of the Eastern penitentiary."

"Are there not a number of criminals sent you who instead should go to asylums? Do you not have many cranky characters to contend with?"

"Well, we do in a certain sense. Criminals are, as a rule, one-sided characters; their moral character is, so to speak, lopsided. But it is not the men who go into the prisons that are mentally unbalanced; it is those who come out. The fact is, the man who serves a five or even a three years' sentence out, is apt to leave the penitentiary unsound in mind, if not in both body and mind.

Imagine, for instance, the life they lead, day in and day out. To the mess room in the morning, where they cannot speak a word to any one; to the workshop for the day, where talking is strictly forbidden; to the mess room again for supper, where the same order is enforced, and then to solitary confinement in their cells, where there is no one to talk to. Think of it. Such a life for years! Is it not enough to drive a man insane? Why, man alive, you cannot realize it; but the percentage is simply frightful of those who go to jail strong in both mind and body and who come out wrecks in one or both." —Washington Post.

Resistance of Hard Burned Bricks.

It is found that walls laid up of good, hard burned bricks, in mortar composed of good lime and sharp sand, will resist a pressure of 1,500 pounds per square inch, or 216,000 pounds per square foot, at which figures it would require 1,600 feet height of 12-inch wall to crush the bottom courses, allowing 136 pounds as the weight of each cubic foot. It also appears from accurate calculations and measurements that walls laid up in the same quality of brick and mortar, with one-third quantity of Portland cement added to the same, are capable of resisting some 2,500 pounds per square inch, or 360,000 pounds per square foot; this would require a height of wall 2,700 feet to crush the bottom bricks. —New York Sun.

Presidents Buried in New York.

Of the twenty presidents who have passed away four lie buried in New York state. Arthur sleeps in the Albany cemetery, Martin Van Buren was buried in the old burying ground at Kinderhook, Millard Fillmore's grave is in Forest Lawn cemetery, Buffalo, and Gen. Grant's remains lie in a tomb at Riverside. James Monroe was buried in the old Second Avenue cemetery, New York city, but the Virginia legislature had his remains removed to Richmond. —Chicago Tribune.

LIFE ON A TRAINING SHIP.

Educating Sailors for the United States Navy.

We happened to arrive at the training ship at a very opportune moment. There was to be a lecture on international law in the war college, which had brought over many interested listeners from Newport, and the weekly drill of all the boys in the class was taking place on the lawn before the college building, while the New Hampshire band, established beneath a spreading beech hard by, breathed martial music for the performing regiment. It was a fine fall morning, the water blue and the sky cloudless, but the air was chilly, and the few spectators in carriages drew their wraps closely about them, and now and then gave an involuntary shiver. To and fro over the green sward strided the boyish rank and file in their white apparel, the sailor caps set jauntily upon their close cropped hair and the rifles carried over their shoulders with careful precision, as they marched by twos, by fours, by platoons, went through the manual of arms, and performed all sorts of military evolutions. To our unsophisticated eyes, their movements were marvels of grace and precision, and we were not a little grieved to hear one of the trig young army officers who were looking on critically observe that it was very apparently the navy, and not the army, represented there.

At noon the drill was over, and the troops filed through the armory, depositing their guns as they went, and returned to the ship, where dinner was presently served. We followed them, climbing up the plank gangway that led up the side of the hull, and found ourselves on the uppermost deck of the five which the old vessel boasts, for it has almost as many stories as a New York apartment house. Everything was as trim and neat as constant care and work could make it. The planks in the flooring of the deck were white as white could be; no speck of dust or dirt was anywhere to be found, and the exquisite order of naval management pervaded all. A sentry in the uniform of the United States marine corps and white cotton gloves that didn't fit walked up and down before the captain's quarters, and various officers, in braided fatigue jackets and becoming caps, were coming and going in discharge of their various duties. Below, on the second deck, the boys were at dinner. They sat at long tables, row after row, displaying as good appetites as any set of land lubbers could boast, and as this was the occasion of the departure of the commissary, it was being celebrated by an unusual feast. Each embryo tar had a large supply of roast turkey, with potatoes, white and sweet, and for dessert a bunch of grapes and a paper bag of candy, delicacies which were duly appreciated.

They had not the sort of manners at table that one looks for in Newport society, these gay young sailors, for their knives went into their mouths with alarming frequency, and they ate with an eagerness and rapidity which "Don't" and kindred books of etiquette would denounce severely. But they were well and strong and hearty, and, perhaps, enjoyed their dinner quite as much as if it had been served on delicate china and eaten with gold forks and knives in the most elegant and approved fashion. On this deck they sleep, in hammocks of canvas, slung in long rows from iron hooks set in the beams overhead. During the day the hammocks are neatly lashed up and piled away on the upper deck. At 9 o'clock each evening every boy finds his own hammock, slings it, arranges his blankets and coverings (the poor things are not allowed the luxury of a pillow) and puts himself to sleep; and each morning at 5:30 he rises, and is allowed half an hour in which to dress himself, take down his swinging bed and lash it up, and to dispose of the cup of cocoa that is all the breakfast he gets until 8 o'clock.

The routine on board ship is very strict and regular. Every soul in the class has his appointed duties at drill, naval and military, and in the school room, and he is held strictly to account for them. The life is pleasant, if a little monotonous, and most of the boys profess a great deal of sorrow when they are forced to leave the good old ship which has been their home for six long months, even while they rejoice at the prospect of going to sea. Bad boys are discharged as soon as their evil doing is found out. There are dark cells in which they are imprisoned for various offenses. —Boston Sunday Herald.

Method of Purifying Water.

Mr. Holmes, the engineer of the water works at Hornsea, England, has adopted an ingenious arrangement for filtering and purifying the water supplied by the company there. The process is thus described by The Sanitary World: The water is pumped from a bore whose bottom is on a level with the surface of the Mere, the water being obtained from the chalk. Formerly it was far from satisfactory, and formed such a scale upon the boilers that it materially affected their workings. Mr. Holmes set himself the task of remedying this state of things. The water has always been pumped into a tank, and supplied thence to the town. Mr. Holmes had a wooden tank formed inside the larger one, and he so spread out the water pumped upward that it descended into the wooden tank in the form of rain. The air, getting to the water as it descended, oxidized it, and of course, made it purer. Inside this wooden tank several smaller tanks were constructed, through which all the water passed. The sides of the smaller tanks were made of prepared linen, and as the water passed through them they caught up the impurities which it held in suspension. As the water flowed from the upper tank into the lower, from which the town is supplied, it was sent rippling over gravel, which further improves its quality. Although the contrivance is admirably adapted for the purpose it is intended to serve, it is hardly suitable for towns which require a large supply of water. —Boston Budget.

An Arizona Lizard.

These lizards are found in the canyons of Arizona. They are very poisonous—as poisonous as the most venomous snake. The natives claim that to inhale a lizard's breath is sure and almost instant death. The truth or fallacy of this has never been established. Nobody seems to want to take the chances of trying the experiment. The lizard's fare, in captivity, is a fresh egg every morning. The attendant breaks the shell and the lizard sucks the egg. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Chili's National Holiday.

The 18th of September being the national holiday, the people, as I am told is the custom to do, made the most of it, and the morning of the 17th the celebration lasted four days, during which little business of any kind was done. Indeed, the banks remained closed on the 21st. But what with the constant marching of troops, infantry, artillery and sailors from the ships of war, the almost uninterrupted music of bands (those very strong in numbers and very fine) and the thunders and oft-repeated national salutes from fort and war vessels, a good many were kept busy at military show and burning power at least.

On two evenings were magnificent displays of fireworks, the finest and most successfully conducted I have ever seen. And what was the most creditable, I saw, though a good deal about the city in this four days' holiday, no disorder, scarcely any evidence of intemperance or excess of any kind. The wine of the country, chiefly a light red wine, resembling the light Hungarian red wines, is plentiful, good and reasonable in price, and I think that this circumstance may account for the fact noted, as in other wine-growing countries. There is a pleasing courtesy of manner here, which is characteristic of the Latin races and especially of the Spaniards and French. —Chili Cor, Detroit Free Press.

A Fountain That Produces Art Works.

Very Rev. Father Joseph Subileau, rector of St. Augustine church, who has spent the summer in France, his native country, the other day showed to a reporter four beautiful productions in marble of bronzes and ivory plaques in relief, two representing birds on branches of trees, surrounded with flowers, and two of larger size, copies of works of high art. Father Subileau stated that he obtained these treasures from an artist at Clermont, in Puy de Dome, France, a city over 200 miles southwest of Paris.

These marble reliefs are produced as follows: There is a fountain at the foot of one of the volcanic mountains near Clermont called the "Fountain St. Alyne," or "Fountain Petrificationate." This has been utilized by a Frenchman for obtaining copies of the finest works of art in bronze, ivory and stone. He takes the plaques of any figure in relief, and covers them with gutta percha paste, which, after hardening, is removed and placed under troughs, from which drops the water charged with calcareous matter. After about eight or ten months the gutta percha cast is filled with calcareous deposit, and a beautiful reproduction of the original is the result. —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Remarkable Plaster Work.

In Paris, the sculptor Fremiet has a remarkable plaster work, life-size, for the Spring exhibition. It represents an orang-outang carrying off a woman. The animal is hideously majestic. The artist paid a fabulous sum for a skeleton of the beast, and the plaster cast in the Jardin des Plantes further aiding him, he has been enabled to obtain perfect proportions with the muscles, and the general aspect also is perfect. The animal holds the woman in his right arm, while his left grasps a huge rock ready to hurl at an enemy. His face shows both anger and pain, for an arrow has entered his left shoulder. The exquisite figure of a woman is pressed against him, while her lacerated arms and hands vainly endeavor to push him off. —The Journalist.

Evils of Early Rising.

Enemies of early rising will be delighted to hear the opinion of a German doctor, who has been collecting information about the habits of long-lived persons, and finds that the majority of long-livers indulged in late hours. At least eight out of every ten persons over 80 never went to bed until well into the small hours, and did not get up again until late in the day. Indeed, he considers that getting up early tends to exhaust physical power and to shorten life, while the so-called invigorating early hours are, he thinks, apt to produce lassitude, and are positively dangerous to some constitutions. —Chicago Tribune.

Murdoch and President Lincoln.

Mr. James E. Murdoch, the aged actor, tells that once, during the war he went to see President Lincoln. "I'm too busy to see you now, Murdoch," said the president; "your business will have to wait." "But, Mr. Lincoln," replied the actor, "I've not come on business, I have come to tell you a good story." "Oh, if that's it," said Lincoln, "it's all right. Go ahead with the story," and he settled himself down as though he hadn't a thing in the world to do but listen. —New York Tribune.

Shoddy in Japan.

According to a Japanese paper a man named Takada, who resides in Nagoya, has discovered a method of making flannel out of old cotton cloth. It occupied him many years in bringing his invention to perfection, but he succeeded at length, and has established a factory, where he intends carrying on business upon an extensive scale. —Chicago Herald.

China's Progressive Empress.

The empress of China has reigned twenty years, and will resign next February in favor of her son. She is said to be exceedingly progressive, and but for the men who formed her council we did have had railroads throughout the empire. —Detroit Free Press.

Maryland's Canning Industry.

Maryland gives employment to 60,000 persons in canning fruit and oysters, the estimate being 150,000,000 cans annually. —Frank Leslie's.

It is stated that the first person upon whom the degree of doctor of medicine was conferred was William Gordon, by the college of Asti, in 1329. —Chicago Tribune.

The new 30-inch gas main at Pittsburgh is said to be the largest ever laid. It is used to conduct natural gas into the city.